

GMAD: Darkness Over Time (Teasers and Trailer)

by Thorongil82

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Summary: This is a few sneak peeks of the G.M.A.D. story I am planning to write. I will be putting the actual story up on FictionPress. This is just for the convenience of other readers. Rated T just in case.

GMAD: Darkness Over Time (Teasers and Trailer)

A/N: Okay, for those of you that don't know me, I am Thorongil82, Rider of the Shock Fury Storm, Guardian of Wisdom, Epic Archer and Sorcerer, member of the G.M.A.D. For those that do know me, see above.

If the name of this sounds familiar, it is probably because you recognise it from my WTM fic, when I mentioned it at the end of one of the chapters. I was wanting to get that finished first before I started posting these, but this was clouding my mind and I thought that I may as well get it down while it is fresh. For now, it doesn't matter if you haven't read it yet, but it would be preferred you read it before you read the actual story as the plot for this carries on from that.

Now before anyone goes off about this not being part of a fandom, I will say that these uploads are just going to be for teaser scenes and the trailer. I will be putting the actual story up on FictionPress because it won't involve the worlds, along with another copy of this. Why is this here then, you may be asking. I assure you, it is purely as a form of convenience for readers that don't want to switch over between the two sites constantly.

**There have also been a few people going around trying to degrade and attack the G.M.A.D. Now, as most of your comments are on our stories, you instantly show that you have no common sense whatsoever. Your attempts to attack the group are cowardly and pathetic, lacking strength and originality. If you don't like us or our stories, then it is pretty simple. Don't read them. If you do, then you shouldn't complain consistently as you are making it worse for yourself. Don't

waste our time on you cowards. For those that this doesn't affect, I'm sorry but it had to be said.**

Alright, let's get down to business. This will contain five uploads. The first three, which includes this one, will be teasers for the story. The fourth will be the trailer, and the fifth is going to be an alert for when the story begins posting. For the G.M.A.D. members reading this, I will ask you all something at the end.

This scene is going to be half of the first or second chapter, depending on where the readers of my WTM fic want me to stop. The chapter for this is going to be called, "The Gauntlet Is Thrown."

Please let me know what you think of this, either by PM or review, and fav or follow so you will be notified when the next scenes get put up.

That's all for now. Enjoy!

* * *

><p>Teaser #1: The Gauntlet Is Thrown**

High upon the freezing icy peak, the top was relatively flat, apart from one point which shot up like a giant ice spearhead. The shadows surround the thick, slippery surface as a blizzard blows strongly within. The darkness dissipates, replaced by a cohort of evil, deadly creatures. Goblins, Orcs, demons, behemoths, black mutated winged beasts and the spawns of evil magic now occupy the peak, half of the force flying low in the sky as the blizzard had been eerily stopped when the shadows dissipated. Leading the force was a large, hulking humanoid creation, covered in thick, bulky, heavy armour. The head was covered by an edgy helmet, slanted towards the back, so the face couldn't be seen. As a face mask, a grotesque expression was present. The leader carried a hybrid of a great-axe and sword, a long, curved blade required to be held with both hands, the hand grips built into the blade. The rest of the forces wore lighter armour and carried various other weapons, swords, axes, maces, steel claws, spears, but no bows due to the tight space and the chance of shooting one of their own.

"Where is he?" the leader asked, more to himself than the others, his voice angry and rasped, altered slightly by the helmet. "This is where he set the challenge."

The dark minions scanned the area, trying to locate he who had thrown the gauntlet to their superiors, the leaders of the army fuelled by darkness and despair.

"You shouldn't have come," called out a stern, steady voice, throwing the minions into confusion. "I didn't challenge you to fight."

Drawn by the sudden shriek of a dragon, they look to the tallest spike of the mountain. Balancing on the point was a hooded figure, the ball of his left foot placed on the spike with the right crossed over and resting on top. His arms are crossed over his chest, the sword tip-like points of his gauntlets visible. His thick, black and silver flecked armour stood out, his facial features hidden by the

hood. The rest of the cloak billowed around him, caught in the wind. Three swords were carried, one on each hip and one on his back. There was also an intricately detailed staff and a black, ancient bow with stunning sharp silver tips capable of slicing a man apart. A full quiver was also present.

Flying around him, swirling down ever so slightly, was the mighty Shock Fury, black as night with stormcloud-grey spines, his electric blue eyes glaring daggers at the unwelcome 'visitors'. The clouds above began spinning mystically, a thunderstorm brewing.

With only a slight crouch, the figure leapt into the air, drawing lightning forth from the clouds as his body flipped through the air. Combining it with a blue energy along his left arm, he landed on the icy peak with a blast, punching the peak with the lightning-energy combination. The resulted power shook the mountain, cracking the ice and throwing some of the minions to the ground.

"Where is he?" the youth asked as he stood tall, hazel eyes daring them to make a move.

"You want to get to him? You have to beat us first," the leader replied, opening his body to gesture to the cohort. The cockiness in his voice rang out true; those without face masks had gleeful, bloodthirsty looks. None of them doubted that one human and a dragon, no matter how legendary, could defeat 300 troops. "You will feel the consequence for your mistake, before we strike you down, _Thorongil,_ he said, spitting the name as if it was poison.

Thor smirked at the blindness of the shadow beings. "I will not be brought down by the likes of you. I will end you, and then I will deal with the cowards that sent you to me," he said, drawing forth Blitzkrieg and Phoenix from their scabbards. Blitzkrieg crackled with intense electricity, while Phoenix burst into a fierce blaze, looking like dragon fire. Spinning both blades around so they were held in a reverse fashion, Thor raised his left hand, the one holding on to Blitzkrieg, and with his index and middle finger silently gestured them to bring it on.

Lightning started to strike the mountainside, illuminating the area they all stood in. The Shock Fury, Storm, began channelling the energy from the clouds. His eyes were lit with anticipation, his spirit raring to send the shadows into the abyss that awaited them. Fear settled in the hearts of some of the minions, the heavens preparing the scene.

Shouting a loud battle cry, the cohort's leader thrust forth his weapon, sending the dark forces in to strike. Thor closed his eyes, waiting for a moment, before sprinting to meet them head on. Storm dodged a few fireballs shot by the demons before launching a mighty thunderbolt, striking some of the flying creatures out of the sky. Thor was bringing down many in no time at all, sidestepping and flipping over the enemy as he spun and flowed with his movements. With Phoenix, he whipped up a fire storm that threw back the forces, before a lightning strike from Blitzkrieg brought several to their knees.

Dozens had fallen within minutes of the battle starting, Storm's aerial abilities could not be matched as he shot and zapped anything that came across his path, while Thor was cutting down hordes of

foes, his magical prowess throwing them into chaos but not using his aura techniques. Storm unleashed a shimmering explosion from a plasma and lightning combination, all attacks sent his way giving him no bother. After sheathing Phoenix and gaining some space after throwing Blitzkrieg, the skewering impact booming like thunder, Thor brought out his bow and was rapidly shooting (left-handed), the winged beasts falling from the sky like shooting stars. A few tried to sneak up and slay him, but spinning the bow in his hands, he sliced apart three before shooting the fourth with his opposite hand.

Carcasses lay heavily on the mountainside, though the shadows of the disintegrated spawns of black magic lingered eerily in the air. Each time one of those sithspawns was brought down, it would break apart and the black mist would rise up from the fallen body. More steel than flesh lay in the ice and snow.

When there were only a dozen left, the towering leader saw an opportunity and hurled a spear from a fallen minion at a stationary Storm. Before the aim of the spear could be proven true, an aura sphere blasted it out of the sky. As it fell from the sky, Thor leapt up, grabbing the spear and threw it back where it came from. The dark commander leapt away, the spear shattering as it smashed into the ground, before charging forward with his hybrid weapon front and centre. Thor drew forth Nova, the blade glittering in the flashes of lightning.

"_Nova, vara med min aura ren, lyser upp den mÄ¶rkaste tiden. Vara ett med mig, och ge vÃ¥ra fiender till deras knÃ¤a,"_ Thor chanted, Nova reacting to his call and began shinning, the black opal on its hilt shimmering like Arvendale's Fire. His eyes glowed pale blue as he channelled his aura into Nova, his outline taking on the pale blue light. He slashed through the air, an aura-energy slash came forth, shooting towards the leader. The attack caught him off guard, colliding with him and throwing his weapon from his hands, knocking the giant to the ground with a snarl. He growled as he rose, picking up his weapon and charging again, roaring all the way. Thor ran forth to meet him, the resulting clash resonated loud, sparks flying as metal met metal. They then slashed and dodged each other's attacks, neither backing down. The giant's style was all aggression and brutality, taking angry, unbalanced attacks every time. Thor, however, chose a much more flowing style, his rolling and spinning movements allowing him to counter and dodge many attacks and also break through openings, nicking and cutting the giant wherever he left himself exposed.

As this kept up, the leader kept getting more infuriated by the second, his full power attacks seeming to have no effect at all at staggering the youth. In a fit of rage he threw a right hook at Thor, who ducked under to dodge. Taking advantage of the situation, the leader slashed upwards, leaving Thor with no chance to dodge. He managed to block it with the flat of Nova, but the follow through threw him off his feet and far back. He back flipped to his feet and landed on the crouch, digging his left gauntlet point into the snow to slow his momentum. As he stopped, he grasped Nova with both hands and slashed behind him to his right, removing the legs of the behemoth trying to take him from behind, leaving it sprawled on the ground. Not losing momentum, he rose up slightly and gutted an Orc to his left before pivoting to the left and back slashing a demon that lunged for where his head was a second before. Carrying the kinetic motion, he leapt in the air to dodge the axe thrown at him by the

giant, the weapon passing feebly underneath him. While in mid-air he 'backhand' threw a dagger hidden in his left gauntlet at the giant while Storm fired a plasma shot at the behemoth, killing it. The dagger pierced the thick, bulky armour, stabbing him in the arm. He howled in pain, losing his grip on the bulky hybrid weapon.

As Thor landed, he focused his energy and released a shredding pulse of energy, throwing the towering leader back before a powerful aura sphere collided with him, sending him to the ground and breaking the helmet into bent shards. The face underneath was truly grotesque, mangled and scarred beyond belief, like something out of your nightmares. As he struggled to rise, Thor created another energy slash, this one racing with its tip slicing through the snow. It picked the giant up and carried him along for a bit, before both slammed into a rocky upright of the peak, throwing the dark leader into a daze. Using the advantage, Thor summoned Blitzkrieg back to his hand and with both blades, he sliced apart the remaining soldiers, Storm discharging many thunderbolts from the skies frying those that weren't already dead.

Soon only the giant was left, shakily getting to his feet and grabbing his hybrid weapon with only one hand. He clumsily walked forwards, determined to carry out his orders, the bulky weapon dragging slightly in the snow. Thor sheathed Nova and proceeded to attack with Blitzkrieg. The leader's swings were now unbalanced and slow, Thor only having to defend and strike him with an elbow or fist to force him back.

Storm flew low and shot a weakened plasma shot at the wounded giant, blasting him off his feet. Storm and Thor combined their powers, Storm shooting a thunderbolt while Thor unleashed a fire, ice and aura fusion. The resulted combination shocked the giant to his core, leaving him slumped against the rocks with a painful grunt. He was huffing to catch his breath, the fight knocked out of him. Thor walked over to him with Blitzkrieg spinning in his hand, the blade sparking furiously. Storm had landed and was walking alongside Thor, lightning jumping from spine to spine, his intense gaze freezing the giant in place. Thor lifted the sword to rest inches from the grotesque face, the swollen, bloodshot eyes sneering at the youth.

"Where is he?" Thor asked, his voice relatively calm considering the brutality of the fight before. His body and face showed him feeling a tiny bit weary, more likely from inside the outpost.

The survivor spat on the ground before looking up at the duo, Storm snarling at him with a few teeth bared through his mouth.

"Do you really think I would tell you?" he groaned, his voice dripping with a broken deadly menace. "You may have beaten us, but you'll never smite them Th-They are too strong. Soon, he will be free," he huffed and groaned, struggling to speak, "and you _no longer_ have the strength to stop him."

Thor crouched down, his steely gaze bearing down upon the defeated minion.

"Once he is free of the seal, all my powers return," he said, his voice devoid of all emotion. "Then, I will send him back to the abyss

from whence he came."

"So I will ask one last time," he said, thrusting the sword closer to his face, the electricity could fry him at any moment, "Where is he?"

"Oh Thor, always trying to be the hero," a young, dark voice called behind him, Thor's face lighting up at the sound. "Never truly believing in those that fight beside you."

Lightning strikes the side of the mountain as the heavens unleash their full wrath. Thor and Storm slowly spin around to face the newcomer. Storm growled even louder than before, Blitzkrieg building up a rage with the apatite in its pommel flashing with each lightning strike. Thor set his gaze upon the newcomer, an inferno lit in the depths of his eyes.

"So ª you have finally decided to show your face."

* * *

><p>AN: So what to you think? Please let me know, any constructive criticism is welcome.**

I'll be honest, this is the first time I've done a fight scene, so if it is a bit sketchy then that's why.

Now, for the G.M.A.D. members reading this, if any of you want to be part of this story, then let me know ASAP. I will have a limited number of spots, so first in, best dressed. I've already had four people ask in advance.

Also, if you haven't checked out my other stories, please do. It should tell you how I like to write.

That should be all for now, so I'll leave it at that. Don't forget to tell me what you think.

Until we meet again . . .

End
file.